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334 **London Life, 1729.**—Hell upon Earth :
or the Town in an Uproar. Occasion'd by the
late Horrible Scenes of Forgery, Perjury, Street-
Robbery, Murder, Sodomy . . . 8vo, *half*
roan, 10/6 1722
Opens with concise matter-of-fact descriptions of what
happens in London during the hours from six in the morn-
ing until nine at night.

London Life

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HELL upon EARTH:

M. OR THE *Motterhead* Town in an Uproar.

his OCCASION'D BY *Book 1732*

The late horrible Scenes of Forgery, Perjury, Street-Robbery, Murder, Sodomy, and other shocking Impieties.

Of the Encrease of the Hempen Manufactory and the Decrease of the Woollen Manufactory; shewing that Goals and Gibbets are become as useful as Guards and Garisons, and Pillories as necessary as P—ns.

Of Peoples being almost under the Necessity of carrying Pistols instead of Prayer-Books to their Parish Churches.

A surprizing Account of the Numbers of People who *Live* by preparing and vending Liquors, and of those that *Die* by drinking them: With the vast

plenty of Diseases and Doctors, and the great Scarcity of Physicians.

An Account of Fox-Hunters, Peace-Hunters, Money-Hunters, Men-Hunters, Whore-Hunters, Death-Hunters, Levee-Hunters, News-Hunters.

Of the Subscribing Coffee-Mens pretty Project for printing their Customers Prattle.

Of Lady B—ts Necessary House being broke open and robb'd, as published in the Coffee-mens Paper, with the strange Effect it had on a *Scotch* Subscribing Coffee-man's Wife, who refunded her Breakfast upon reading the Relation.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*,
and A DODD without *Temple-Bar*, 1729,

(Price One Shilling.)

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THE HISTORY OF THE

OF THE

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OF THE

OF THE

SUNDAY

HELL upon EARTH:

OR, THE

TOWN in an Uproar, &c.



HIS great, wicked, unweildy, over-grown Town, one continued hurry of Vice and Pleasure; where nothing dwells but *Absurdities, Abuses, Accidents, Accusations, Admirations, Adventures, Adversities, Advertisements, Adulteries, Affidavits, Affectations, Affirmations, Afflictions, Affronts, Aggravations, Agitations, Agonies, Airs, Alarms, Ailments, Allurements, Alterations, Ambitions, Amours, Amphitheatres, Anathemas, Animosities, Anxieties, Appointments, Apprehensions, Arrests, Arrogances, Assassinations, Assemblies, Assesments, Assurances, Assignations, Attainders, Audacities, Aversions, &c.*

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2 HELL upon EARTH:

*The usual Observations of the SABBATH,
in the good Cities of London and
Westminster, and Parts adjacent.*

SUNDAY. *Six in the Morning.*

Coaches, Chaises, Chairs, Phaetons, and Hackney Horses harnessing and getting ready for Citizens and their Wives, Doxies and Daughters. — Lascivious Gentlemen and Tradesmen stealing from their Maid Servants Garrets to their own Bed-Chambers. — *Irishmen* meditating the Destruction of Maids, Wives, Widows and Trades-People on their Pillows. — Infirm and superannuated Letchers plagued in their Beds with impracticable *Desires*. — News-Mongers *inventing* Stories of Rapes, Riots, Robberies, &c. for their next Papers. — Obscurity, Flatness and Impertinency flowing in upon the Meditations of certain Poetasters.

Seven o'Clock.

Young Officers of the Army, and the Navy, Doctors-Commons-Men, Lawyers Clerks, and Mercers Journeymen, *cum multis Aliis*, taking their *Mercurials* and *Water-Gruel*. — Servant Wenches pilfering their Mistresses *Teas* and *Sugars* to entertain their Vilitants in the Afternoon. — Half-Pay Officers. Laundresses scolding

Or, the TOWN in an Uproar. 3

and refusing to deliver their Linnen without ready Money. — Beggars, Apple-Women, and Shoe-Blackens repairing to their respective Stands. — *Demi-Clergymen*, alias *Parish-Clerks*, putting on their Bands and grave Countenances.

Eight o'Clock.

Lawyers in the Inns of Court lacing their Mistresses Stays, paying them their Fees, and removing them by *Habeas Corpus* to their own Lodgings. — Bawds with *Bandboxes* running to Mens Wives and Daughters to manage Intrigues for the Evening. — Ladies Lap-Dogs cleaning and dressing to accompany their Mistresses to Church. — Apothecaries and their 'Prentices trotting thro' the Streets with Pills, Purges and Potions. — Clear-Starchers, Manteau-Makers Journey-Women, Servants out of Place, and poor Harlots running upon *Tick* at Chandlers Shops for Tea and Coffee. — Barbers as busy as *Newgate* Solicitors at an *Old Baily* Sessions in embellishing their Customers.

Nine o'Clock.

Vintners Wives brawling and exercising their Lungs upon their Servants in their Kitchens. — *Fleet-Parsons* at their Stations on *Ladgate-Hill*, looking out sharp for *Weddings* from *White-Chapel* and *Wapping*. — City

4 HELL upon EARTH:

'Prentices dressed spruce at their Masters Doors, appointing their Afternoons Rambles. — Insolvent Debtors appear out of the *Verge* of the Court with gay Countenances. —

Informers begin to be in Motion in the Streets. — Physicians poring over Books as they ride thro' the Town in their Chariots, to give the World a Sense of their *Religion* and *deep Study*. — Whores hurrying home in Hackney-Coaches from Bagnios to shift their Linnen. — Taylors and Perriwig-makers uttering great Numbers of *Lies* to their Customers by commending their *Airs*, *Shapes*, *Mien*, &c. — People busy in crasing out of their wearing *Apparel* the *Wrinkles* and other *Symptoms* of their having been under *Date* and *Tribulation* at the Pawnbrokers.

Ten o'Clock.

Noblemens and Gentlemens Doors free from Duns. — Young *Milliners* and *Sempstresses* as lazy in their Beds as *Life-Guardmen* in their Quarters. — People of Quality's Chamber-Bells ringing for their *Valets* and *Abigails*. — Church-Wardens, Overseers, and other Parochial Officers, proceeding to Church with their Families rather for form sake than Devotion. — Rakes of Quality and young Students in the Inns of Court humming over *Opera* Tunes in their Chambers. — Hackney Writers, Poets, and *Welch* Sollicitors cogging their

Or, the TOWN in an Uproar. 5

their Stockings and *dearning* their Shirt Collars in order to issue forth from their Garrets to borrow half a Crown or beg a Dinner. — Smutty Jests, loud Laughter, and some Scandal, going forward at *Ladies Tea Tables*.

Eleven o'Clock.

Fine Fans, rich Brilliants, white Hands, envious Eyes, and gold Snuff-Boxes displaying in all Parish Churches. — Many excellent *stollen* Sermons preaching by some Clergymen who won't take Pains to make worse of their *Own*. — Folks of *Fashion* humbling themselves in *Tissue Cloth*, and *rich Laces*, and enduring the *fatigue* of Divine Service with wonderful seeming Patience. — Drunken Beggars battling and breaking one anothers Heads about the Streets in dividing the *Charity* of ostentatious Fools and old Women. — Hackney *Coachmen* and *Chairmen* lifting up their Eyes towards Heaven for *wet Weather*. — Jacks, *Spits*, and *Porridge-Pots* all in Motion in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, and Parts adjacent. — Dabs of Beef, Pork, and Mutton, roasting in *Packthead Strings* in the Garrets of married *Coblers*, *Porters*, and *Penny-Post-Men*.

Twelve at Noon.

All the *Religions* within the Weekly Bills of Mortality return'd by their respective Teachers

6 HELL upon EARTH:

Teachers on the Hands of the several Parishes they belong to. — Citizens Wives, some at their Dram Bottles, and others criticising upon one another's Dress and Behaviour at Church, and throwing out little Portions of Slander as a whet before Dinner. — Young Tradesmen, Rakes, and Lawyers-Clerks, *sud-dling* and very noisy in Tavern Kitchens. — Ladies about St. James's and Hanover-Square, reading Plays and Novels, and making mунdifying Washes. — Begging Cripples in the Streets bestowing Prayers and Benedictions on their Benefactors. — Hackney Coaches running from *Westminster* to *Wapping*, &c. and from *Wapping* to *Westminster*, &c. cramm'd with Men, Women and Children, going to Dine with their Friends and Relations. — Poets and Philosophers in Motion about *Gray's-Inn-Walks* and *St. James's-Park*, wrapt up in Thread-bare Coats, Study and Speculation. — Innocent People of more Merit than Fortune, sitting down to homely whole-some Food with *Calm Consciences*. — All the common People's *Jaws* in and round this great Metropolis in full *Employment*. — Bakers and Pastry-Cooks running thro' the Streets with *Puddings* and *Pies* that have suffered some *Abridgment* in their Houses.

Two o'Clock.

Victuallers and their Wives busy in making *Punch* with their worst Brandy for the Guests they have entertain'd at *Dinner*. — *Learned* Dissertations upon the *Craftsman* and *Fogg*, *Figg's Amphitheatre*, *Proceedings* at the *Old Baily*, &c. going forward in Ale-house Conversations. — Vintners Wives ogling and stealing *Looks* at their gay Customers as they sit together at *Dinner* behind the *Bar*. — Church-Bells and Taverns-Bells keeping *Time* with one another.

Three o'Clock.

Young handsome Wenches in Churches demanding Adoration instead of paying it. — Shoals of Servant Maids and straggling Apprentices crowding into the Cathedrals of *St. Paul's London*, and *St. Peter's Westminster*, to hear the *Musick*, and when the *Anthem* is over, sneak away. — Coachmen, Footmen, and Chairmen, all in an Uproar about *St. James's Palace*. — City Tradesmen with *full Bellies* and *empty Minds*, gaping at the Nobility and Quality as they pass from the *Court*. — The Fortunate and Great sitting down to Meals of Pomp and Ceremony, attended by sumptuous side-Boards, Sycophants, and little Sincerity. — Certain Citizens and their Wives retiring to their *Couches*. —

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8 HELL upon EARTH:

The *walking Gentry* drove into Churches *No- lens Volens* to escape the Wrath of a *Shoemaker* rather than that of *Divine Vengeance*.

Four o'Clock.

Certain Ladies of Quality at *Quadrille, Ombre, &c.*—A general *Fumble* and *Fostle* from *White-Chapel* to *Charing-Cross*, of Country Juggs, Barbers' Prentices, Tavern Drawers, Men and their Wives, Women and their Husbands, Children, &c.—Drunken Bullies, Beaus, and Gamesters, *Religiously* in their Beds as remembering the *Sabbath* was appointed for a Day of *REST*.—Footmen, Journeymen, and Apprentices, engag'd in low Amours in Gentlemens and Shopkeepers *Kitchens*.—Handicraft Tradesmen marching to and from *Islington* and *Chelsea*, with their Offspring in their Arms, followed by their Wives, chearfully bearing the *Ensigns* of their Duty and Obedience, *viz.* their Husbands Canes.

Five o'Clock.

Half-Pay Officers, poor Clerks in the Offices, Drapers Journeymen, and *Gentlemen* of the *sixth Rate* Popping into Pale Ale-houses.—Seditious Discourses going forward in certain *Jacobite* Coffee-houses, and other private Publick-houses in the dark Corners of the Town.—Men, Women and Children, returning

Or, the TOWN in an Uproar. 9

returning into Town from the Fields as hungry as *Hugonots* newly landed from *Callais*.— Women at their Tea Tables sitting like Coroners Inquests upon the murdered Reputations of their Neighbours.— A general Chit-Chat, tittle-tattle, admiring and commending, approving and disapproving of Womens Dresses, their Manteau-Makers, Milliners, &c.

Six o'Clock.

—Hired Servants got together railing at, and reviling the Families that entertain them, and advancing the old Doctrine of there being more Places than *Parish Churches*.— Sober Families going to Evening-Lectures, or performing religious Duties at home.— Pick Pockets following to rob them.— Rakes and Reprobates running into Bawdy-Houses and Taverns.— FootSoldiers drunk with Geneva.— People of Qualities Servants just got to Dinner.— Prentices prattling Politicks in tipling Houses.— Drunken Christenings and Funerals going forward at *St. Giles's in the Fields*, *Stepney* and *Cripplegate* Parishes, &c.

Seven o'Clock.

The celebrated Mother *H—y—d* Curfing, Rending, and Roaring at her Maids and Drawers, to drown the Cries and Groans of departing Maidenheads.— Coffee-houses crowded with powder'd Fops.— Scarce one third of

10 HELL upon EARTH:

the common People sober. — Pamper'd Footmen and Flambeaux flying before the Coaches and Chairs of visiting Ladies at the Court End of the Town.

Eight o'Clock.

The principal Streets fill'd with *Whores*, *Shoe-makers*, *Butchers*, *Joiners*, and all sorts of Handicraft Tradesmen passing and re-passing one another. — Prentices and their Sweethearts taking their parting Kisses. — Lady B——, Cursing or Praying, according to the run of the Dice.

Nine o'Clock.

Drunken Quarrels at all Corners of the Streets amongst the Mob about Precedency. — Poor Wretches packing up their wearing Apparel to return them early next Morning into the Hands of the Pawnbrokers. — Children, Servants, old Women, and others of the same size of Understanding, pleasing and terrifying themselves and one another with Stories of Witches, Devils, and Apparitions.

The various kinds of MURDER which are daily perpetrated in this Town, has given the considering part of Mankind much Concern; for if we look back but a short time, we see what dreadful Havock the *Pestle* has

has made amongst us, and what Numbers still continue to perish weekly by *Prescription*. But while one part of the Creation falls by the Hands of *Others*, another part generously falls by their *Own*: These sit every Morning and Evening in Taverns and Ale-houses, ringing their own *Passing Bell* in Peace and Pleasure.

The last War was so abstemious as not to devour above half a score Thousand of our Countrymen in a whole Campaign; but what is that to the Triumphs of *Physick* and the *Bottle*, within the Bills of Mortality, which are abundantly illustrated in those elegant *Weekly Records* composed to the Honour of *Esculapius*, and sung or said by the Company of Parish Clerks in and round this Metropolis.

A *Physician* may as soon be brought to *Faith* and *Repentance*, or a *Jew* to *Continence*, as a Person of Business that is obliged to be much abroad in this Town, to live a regular sober Life in it; besides the Crowds of Acquaintances and Importunities he is liable to meet with; the Vintners, Victuallers, and Coffee-house Men, are eternally upon the *Watch* at their Doors and Windows, *hemming* after every one that passes, to make *Tippling Matches*, and propagate the Doctrine of Drinking.

Moreover the vast Preparations we daily see making for setting up more Taverns, Coffee-houses, and Tippling-houses, as if the Island had suffered some wonderful Change in its Clime, was remov'd under the *Torrid Zone*, and some strange and natural *Drought* had seiz'd the Spirits of the People. In short their Number is already so exceeding great, that to the Honour of the Nation be it spoken, no City in the Universe can boast of so handsome a show of *Bushes*, *Bacchus's*, *Lattices*, and *Stills*, as our Metropolis.

How many of his Majesties Liege Subjects are drown'd every Year in Seas of *Wine*, *Welch Ale*, and *October*? And how many Ladies at twenty five declare for Brandy and Arrack Punch, and so leave Posterity to shift for it self, for truly they'll breed no more?

A poor limber-back'd Beau at the Court End of the Town, rarely holds it out above two or three Years, and a Whetter about the Royal Exchange as much longer, while a fat over-grown Parish Officer may make a shift to serve a dozen Years Apprenticeship to Swallowing; for having much Flesh and small Spirit, he is a long time a wasting, even as a great Candle with a little Wick, will yield a dim and stupid Light for a long while together, and yet consume it self in the End.

We had a late notable Instance how detestable this Vice begins to appear in the Eyes of the Army, upon which I congratulate the Military part of my Countrymen; and that was, when a Noble Lord, greatly *disguised* in Wine, was endeavouring to pass through St. James's Park, the commanding Officer, who was an *Irishman*, insisted upon the Letter of his Orders, to suffer no Person whatsoever to pass with a Load, and turn'd his Lordship out at the Gate accordingly.

The present defection of Morals, and likewise our want of People, I cannot altogether lay at the Door of the abovemention'd Vice, but in a great measure to the unreasonable GALLANTRIES now going forward amongst us. Have we scarce had a Marriage of any Consequence in the Town for a Twelvemonth: Are not the publick Papers fill'd with *Elovements* of Wives and young Wenches, and a common Proverb verified; *That a Middlesex Maidenhead is to be had for asking for.* A few Years ago our Rakes of Quality used to commit Matrimony as they did Murther, out of a Frolick, and were ready to hang themselves for it the next Day; for we had an Instance of a *fashionable Pair*, who for many Months after Marriage would never be brought to agree but

but in one thing, which was, to *separate for ever.*

Indeed at *St. Pancrass* and the *Fleet*, where Marriages are retailed at *reasonable Rates*, there shall be such *coupling* of Beggars on a *Sunday Morning*, that they stand behind one another, as it were in a *Country Dance*; but what Benefit the Publick receives from such Alliances, I shall leave the Officers of Parishes to describe. A Man now-a-Days is hardly reproachable that deludes an innocent Woman, though she has never so much *Merit*; if she is below him in Fortune, the Man has no Dishonour following his Treachery; and her own Sex are so debased by Custom, as to say in the Case of the Woman: *How could she expect he would marry her.*

I am inclined to believe, that the *seventh Commandment* ought to be kept, but I am wond'rous loth to declare so much to the World, for fear of angering *Folks of Fashion*; and therefore to keep Measures with the Quality and my own Conscience, I do hereby signify to all my loving Readers, that in *Persons of Figure*, the Breaches of their marriage *Vow* and Infidelity to their Yoke-Mates, is not Adultery, but something very like it. In the Man it is but *taking of a Wenich*, and in the married Ladies 'tis only a *piece of Gallantry*. Now when this Sin is Christ-
ned

ened with such modish pretty Names, it frightens no Body; on the contrary, it becomes even an innocent and reputable thing.

As I am a publick Spirited Person, and have at Heart the good of my Country, as does in some Measure appear by this humble Essay, I have been long of Opinion, that nothing can be more reasonable than to permit the *DAMNERS*, and *SINKERS* to lend their Assistance, to add to the *sinking* Fund of the Nation: In order to which, I hope the following Scheme will neither be thought extravagant nor impracticable.

Imprimis, That for every single *Curse*, exhibited by a Man or Woman of Quality, during their Dressing-time, there be imposed a Fine of *One Shilling*.

For every *Curse* in the Guard-Rooms at St. James's and the Tilt-Yard, *One Penny*; and because this, by some may be thought too weighty a Burthen on the Gentlemen of the Army in a time of Peace, as well as an Infringement upon their antient *Rights* and *Priviledges*, I submit it entirely to my Superiors to mitigate it in such Manner, as to them in their great Wisdom shall seem meet.

For every *Curse* of the principal Commander, or inferior Officer of any Ship of Force or Burthen, during the time of an Engagement, Storm, or other imminent Danger, *One Shilling*.

For every single *Curse* of a Counsellor, Solicitor, Petty-fogger, Bailiff, together with every other collateral Branch of the Law, *Eight Pence*; unless such, can make it appear by the Oath of one or more credible Witnesses, that he or they, have within the space of twelve Calendar Months, once rehears'd the *Lord's Prayer*, or appeared within the Walls of a Church, for any other Purpose than to attend a Funeral, an Intrigue, or to shun a *Show*, then, to plead the General Issue, and give the special Matter in Evidence in Bar of the Penalty contain'd in this Article.

For every *Oath* voided by the Countess of B—— when her Ladyship loses at Ombre, *Two Shillings*, except such Oath be an Original, and of her own composing.

For all *Oaths* at the Groom-porters, and at Horse-Racing, Prize-fighting, and Cocking, *One Shilling and Six Pence* each.

A Person losing a Cause either in Law or Equity, for each *Oath* thereupon *Eight Pence*.

For every *Oath* of a disappointed Dunner on a *Saturday* *Six Pence*.

All Persons crossed and disappointed in Love, for every Oath, ditto.

For every Curse uttered by the Buyer of a Bear in *Exchange-Alley*, Six Pence, provided always that this shall not extend to any Purchaser in the *Welch-Copper* and *York-Buildings*.

Provided always that nothing herein contained shall be construed to extend to deprive the Beaus at *Buttons* and the *Tilt-Yard*, of the benefit of that terrible Term, *Death*, or of any other useful Expletive, such as *Blood*, *Hell*, and that excellent *English* Particle *Zounds*, which comprehends so much of the Beauty of our Language, and which is so much received and applauded; all which compose a very graceful Parenthesis, and supply any Hesitation, in the Utterance or Chasme in the Sense, with great Success.

There is a LEVELLING PRINCIPLE in humane Nature, by which all Men are animated to pull down to their own Pitch, or below it, every one who by good Fortune or Capacity has got above them. Those whom we cannot overtake we abuse, and by railing at Merit make our own want of it the more conspicuous. Though this vile Impulse to Slander, with which we True-Born *Englishmen* are so richly leavened, has it not in its Power to lessen or destroy those excellent Qualities that provoke it, yet it

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has frequently the cursed Success to marr their Operation, and render them useless by depreciating them continually, and deforming them with filthy Colours, and gaining daily Profelytes to its *Lies*.

I have known such monstrous *Lies* rais'd against a Minister of State, that would have drawn Blushes from the Cheeks of a Bawd, or Modesty from the Countenance of an *Exchange* Broker, for no other Reason, but that he hath fill'd his Place with vast Sufficiency and Honour, and even on an assured Confidence of his having had Goodness and Temper enough to *forgive* the Libellers. Nay the Sacred Person of M A J E S T Y it self has not escap'd this sort of Calumny; and so catching is this base Spirit, that let but a little snarling Cur in a Corner begin the Bark, and it shall in an Instant be handed, or rather mouth'd about by all the Beagles of the same Kidney.

With what Confidence and Industry had we some late ridiculous Reports of *Changes* in the Administration sent through the Kingdom. The *Tripoli* Embassador was complimented on his being made Master of the Horse; and a *Bishop* had the Drums and Musick before his Door for being appointed Pay-master of the Forces. The Command of the Army was given to Boys and Girls:

In

In short we had not a Statesman or a Soldier who was not *lied* out of his Employment.

I have heard a Company of City Apprentices talk as pertly of Affairs pretended to be transacted in Council, as if they had been at the Board and taken Minutes.

A Roman Catholick Gentleman called to me one Day on *Duke Humphrey's Walk* in the *Park*, and ask'd if I had not heard of the two Dozen of *Expreses* that had brought the News of the Plenipotentiaries breaking up the Congress and one anothers Heads, and running away from *Soissons*.

The *Fr—b* Embassador has been packing up his Goods every Day these *two Years* to leave the Kingdom on a *sudden* and in *Disgust*: And our Minister at *Paris* has been as oftentimes *recalled*.

I was told of an honest Country Gentleman, a constant Reader and Admirer of *Mist* and the *Craftsman*, who had ne'er seen the Town, and was coming to it the other Day from *Oxfordshire* on his private Affairs, had been so blinded and infatuated with this sort of *Intelligence*, that passing through the Town of *Uxbridge*, where a Troop of the Royal Blue Guards being drawn up, with their Belts in the form of a *Cross* on their Backs and Breasts, he took them to be part

of the *Spanish* Army, and escap'd in a most terrible Fright back to his Family.

TO CENSURE and be CENSUR'D, is the portion of the FAIR SEX, which they freely deal to each; insomuch that a Propensity to Back-bite is become absolutely necessary to Self-defence; for as every one of them is abused by the rest, it is but just that every one of them should have her Revenge by abusing the rest in their turn. Hence I would in their Favour infer, that when one Lady stabs the Reputation of another, tho' ever so mortally, yet the same must not be construed into Murder, but only be deemed *Woman Slaughter*, and committed *se defendo*: And indeed, if the whole Sex were by general Consent to kill one another's Credit in this manner at all Adventures, the Crime would still endure the like Mitigation. I grant there are some Women not so well qualified in the Art of Reviling: But then the default lies in this, that either their Tongues are not so quick, which seldom happens, or their Invention is slow, which is as great a Rarity; for if we peep into their Hearts and Inventions, we shall generally find them upon a Par with their more eloquent Sisters in the Trade and Mystery of Scandal: Though there be some of the Sex that are but Dabblers, a vast Majority are wonderful Proficients. I do not pretend

pretend to debar the Ladies from dear Gratification of Scandal; I would only beg them to turn it into another Channel, in which it might run with less Mischief and Danger to themselves. As the same Dirt which they throw is for the most part thrown upon them, they ought for their own sakes, since they must be dealing in Slander, to say only things that are galling, and not things that are quite killing, which is the common Practice. Instead of saying, *Such a one is no better than she should be*; let them say, *she is a Slattern*, and knows nothing of Dress. For though this dreadful Charge may be to her worse than the former, and far more unpardonable, yet her Husband and Children may live in good Credit, notwithstanding one side of her Gown hangs deeper than t'other. I am afraid this Advice of mine will not go down with 'em, though it is evidently for their Advantage. It is a hard matter, if not utterly impossible, to find *one good Woman* in the Town who will allow that there is *another good Woman* in it. She assures herself, either from Breeding, Spite, or *Experience*, that they are all very bad, and therefore resolves to give no Quarter. Thus when her Opinion and her Passion meet, and she Acts both from *Belief* and *Desire*, what can stand before her? And yet if any of her Sister Females shew that they have feeling and strike again, or having
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the same Opinion of her which she has of them, treat her in the same manner, *she is Bely'd, and Wrong'd, and Innocent,* and the Lord knows what. Thus the harmless injured Creature seeks Abuse by giving it, and then laments that she is repaid.

There is a VANITY incident to Men in every degree and station of Life; from the highest to the lowest; every Person aims at establishing a Reputation, and excelling others of his Profession; from the Prince to the Peasant, from the Court to the Dunghil this Vanity does prevail: But most Persons have indeed so weak a Foundation to build upon, their Reputation totters and falls to the Ground before they can raise it to the height of their Wishes: And if we were to examine into the conduct of the several Pretenders, we should find the true Reason to be occasioned by an irregular Pursuit of those Honours they aim at.

Thus we see the Malecontent would be recorded for his Loyalty, notwithstanding he is always thwarting and opposing the Interest of his Prince, and thinks he has Injustice done him if any should dispute his Merits.

He who sets up for a Politician, would be thought the most profound in those Mysteries, upon no better Score than that of a Vociferous Qualification, and a particular Faculty

Faculty of continually swimming against the Stream.

The Churchman, who either from a want of Learning or Indolence, has scarcely attain'd the Advantage of a Collegiate Education; upon the Merits of his Cloth only, claims the Title of an eminent Divine, and holds it a Crime in the Laity equal to Sacrilege to question his Pretensions thereto.

The meanest Empirick in the Kingdom would fain have you think him a graduate Physician, and his own Modesty sets him upon an Equality with a *Radcliff*, a *Friend*, or a *Hale*; and if you will have the Faith to trust him with your Purse and your Person, he will have the Assurance to practice thereon at his own Discretion.

The least smatterer in our Laws thinks himself qualified to step from the *Bar* to the *Bench*, and will tell you 'tis only his own Modesty is the Obstacle to his Preferment; that his Qualifications are no ways inferior to those of the best Proficiency, only that a more private Life is his Choice.

The greatest Bungler in Mechanicks would be thought an Artist in his Profession, and commence an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against any who shall deny his superior Excellency.

We see this Vanity runs through all degrees and conditions of People, even the meanest
Persons

Persons are affected therewith; the very *Shoe Boys* in the Streets aim at excelling in their several Stations, and strive for Superiority in the way of their Professions, equal with Persons of a most affluent Power and Condition.

But of all sorts of Pride and Vanity that is the oddest, and perhaps the greatest, which consists in Humility: The *Butcher*, who left his Calling and grew a *Squire*, has publish'd a Print of himself, with a Calf peeping over his Shoulder, and for what end? why not so much to inform, as to surprize the World, *That so great a Man was once a Calf-carrier*; for were you to tell him of his former Employment, you would soon find the Pride of the *Gentleman* has but improv'd the Rage of the *Butcher*.

There is often great Pride in the contempt of Pride; and I have known more Conceit and Insolence in a plain *primitive* Coat, than in an embroidered Suit; and I am assured that a great many of my Acquaintance and *Friends* about *Bull-and-Mouth-street*, can bear me out in this great Truth.

Notwithstanding that Gentlemen of the *SWORD* are my very great Favourites, yet the foolish and inconsiderate of that Profession, are subject, as much as others, to my Contempt and Censure. As I was some time ago taking the Air in *Hide-Park*, I saw at a Distance, a young Figure in a Military Garb, his

his Hat, Cue, and Cockade seem'd ready pinch'd for Execution; his Sword Hilt up to his Elbow, and his distant Air look'd very smart and Soldierly; but I was surpriz'd on a nearer View to see him stagger in his Gate, his Knees contending with every little Breeze, and his Wire-drawn Legs hardly able to support him; by a black Patch on his Nose, and a Flannel Bandage round his Neck, I soon guess'd the unhappy Creature's Condition: I discovered he was an Ensign in the Guards, and had the blasted Appearance of something considerable; yet, I own, his Wretchedness could not move my Compassion, that a Man should waste those Limbs in Debauchery, which he hired out for the Service of his Country, is as much a Publick Injustice, as it is a private Misfortune. Every Soldier is a Servant to the State, paid and maintain'd in that Capacity; and is neither to be pitied nor excused when at any Time he disables himself from doing his Duty: And whatever his pretended Bravery may be, he must cease to be an Heroe that is dwindling away by a filthy Distemper. I utterly exclude all those tottering Prodigals from my Favour; for I can neither defend them among the standing Forces, nor can I pity them as broken Officers.

E.

How

How fickle is the Humour of this World! since *Michaelmas* Lamps have been lighted, I have not heard one Sigh at the Fall of *Opera's*. The two *Signiora's* that some time ago were considerable enough to run us into Parties, and to create Debates about their respective Excellencies, are now gone off unlamented, hardly spoken of; for my own Part, I retain'd the Gentility of my *Gouft* to the very last, and with great Concern bid adieu to my dear *Cuzzoni*. She and her Company left in my Charge the following Properties to be disposed of, that the good People of *England* might have more than Songs for their Money.

An INVENTORY of GOODS to be seen near the *Opera-House* in the *Hay-Market*.

For SALE, by Inch of Candle, near the *Opera-House* in the *Hay-Market*.

A Rising-Sun, second-hand, eclips'd five Digits by the dirty Hands of an *Opera-Porter*.

A Full Moon, span new, never used, but one Side a little Rat-eaten.

Several Sets of Clouds, flying down the Wind, in good Condition.

Six Dozen of pretty twinkling Stars, a little out of Order for want of brushing.

Four Mantles of State, made in the Reign of King CHARLES II. and worn by Emperors of several Ages and Nations: They are rich Embroidery, and still very fit for Kettle-Drum Banners, or to make Petticoats for running Footmen.

Four dozen of Musick-Books, with long Symphonies and Ha-ha's, very proper Pills for Asthmatick People.

All the Pikes, Javelins and Partizans of *Alexander's* Life-Guard, may now serve the Train-Band Officers, either to fight, or to make into Fishing Rods.

Four Brocade Breeches, worn by *Nicolini* and *Senesino*, cut into upper Leathers for Ladies Slippers; the Wastebands bespoke to line the Cape of Mother *Needham's* Cloak.

Three dozen of *Roman* Sandals and Buskins, made by the best Hand in Cambro-Alley, of the antique Fashion, and very well suited to the modern Taste.

Several other Rarities that we want *English* Names for, but are very useful to the Curious,— and are to be exposed at the Place of SALE.

Among all the Vices, Follies, and Extravagancies of the Age, I am surprized at the present luxurious and fantastical manner of Eating, which many of our People of Quality and false Taste are fallen into. Magnificence and Hospitality are certainly highly commendable in Persons of large Fortunes, but can any Folly be greater than that of laying out as much upon a single Plate to please the affected Palate of one of these foppish Gluttons, as would in Days of ancient Hospitality, have half feasted a Parish? That is, when the old Nobility and Gentry of *England* thought it a greater Honour to have the Praises of their Tenants and the Prayers of the Poor, than the Credit of being able to devour at one selfish Meal what would support a moderate Family a Twelvemonth.

I question if *Apicius*, mentioned by *Juvenal*, as the greatest of all Gluttons, and who wrote a Book of Instructions how to move Appetite, were he now upon the Stage, would not be rank'd among the Mechanicks in Eating, compared with some of our modern *Epicures*.

I was the other Day at a Person of Quality's House near *Hanover-Square*, who has the Vanity to give forty Pounds a Year to a *French Man* Cook to spoil all the Meat that comes to his Table. I had been there ten Days, and in all that Time could never tell what the Name of any one Thing was that I had eaten, they were all

all so disguised with Ragou's, forc'd Meats, &c. At last, going one Day accidentally into the Kitchen, I was most agreeably surprized to see half a Dozen Partridges roasting at the Fire, when all on a sudden the Rascally Cook whips them off the Spit and began to pound them in a Mortar, with all the Fat and the Inside of a Surloin of Beef; I ask'd him the Reason of this strange Havock, and he told me, it was to make a *Cullis* for a *Pupton*.

It being no small Mortification to me to see two such excellent Dishes thus spoiled, and my Stomach being at the same time pretty sharp set, I had a very reasonable Curiosity to enquire whether there was to be any other Dish to make amends for the Disappointment of two, which till this Time I always thought were, without any Adulteration, in the first Class of good Eating; upon which this Heathen of a Cook, to continue his Legerdemain both with my Understanding and Appetite still farther, produced his Bill of Fare, which I chuse to present my Readers with in the following Order, by way of illustrating what I have said of the Affectation and Folly of this way of Eating.

30 HELL upon EARTH:

1st COURSE.

Soupe
de
Santè.

Soupe
au
Bourgoise.

2d COURSE.

Carp
au
Court
Bouillon.

Pupton
of
Partridge

Cutlets
a la
Maine.

BEEF
à la
Tremblade

3d COURSE.

Fricassee
of
Salamanders

Huffle
of
Chickens

A
Stewed
Lyon

Pain
Perdu

Oysters
a là
Daube

Blanc
Manger

I will

I will venture to affirm, that there is nothing in this extraordinary Bill of Fare that would not have been more pleasing to the Taste, wholesomer, and every way better, dress'd in a plain manner; nor has it any thing to recommend it but the Expence and hard Names; for you must know, these Sort of *Epicures* do not consult so much their Health or their Palate in their Dishes, as they do the Uncommonness of them, for which Reason I knew a Person of great Distinction, upon his being obliged to entertain a foreign Nobleman, after he had consulted all the *French* Cooks and all the Books of Cookery in Town, and finding nothing but what he thought too common for his Table upon so an extraordinary Occasion, resolv'd to fetch his Dinner out of the Hedges and Ditches, and had his first Course served up in the following manner.

Viper
Soup

Stew'd
Snails

Couple of
Roast
Hedge Hogs

Fricassee
of
Frogs.

Badger's
Ham and
Colliflowers

I be

32 HELL *upon* EARTH:

I believe no Body will doubt but that this Gentleman had the End he propos'd in providing an uncommon Entertainment, for tho' we read in the Scripture of Guests that were bidden to a Marriage Feast out of the Highways, yet I dare say this was the first Feast itself that ever was furnished from thence.

Altho' I have not mentioned a hundredth Part of the Fopperies of this ridiculous Mode, yet I am perswaded the two extraordinary Specimens I have given you, will be sufficient to convince you that instead of lavishing your Wit and Satyr against Innovations in our publick Diversions only, you ought to reserve some Part for the Absurdities that creep into our private Families.

As a glittering Appearance gains a popular Esteem amongst the Vulgar, it is no Wonder to see our vain-glorious Coxcombs so fond of a gaudy Equipage; but to anatomize these Animals, and shew them in their proper Colours, may possibly afford some Diversion; for when a Fool sets up for a Fop he is no more the Subject of a wise Man's Esteem, than a Caterpillar after it is transform'd to a Butterfly.

The Character of a F O P.

HE is the Superficies of a Man, and the Magazine of Superfluities, and consults his Taylor with as much Care as the ancient
Greeks

Greeks did the Oracle at *Delphos*: He has a particular Regard to the Sabbath, especially after he has purchas'd a new Peruke, and is never so devout as when he prays for fair Weather; yet he is very wavering in his Religion, for he visits half a dozen Churches in Sermon-time, and never tarrieth long in a Place, but where he can shew his Dress to some Advantage: He looks upon Rain and Wind as the greatest Judgments of Heaven, and had rather run against the D--l in a dark Night than a Chimney-Sweeper; for which Reason he passes *Cheapside-Conduit* with the same Precaution as a poor Citizen does *Woodstreet Compter*: His Politicks are upon the same Foot with his Religion, for before Noon he runs his Head into twenty Coffee-Houses, and has no small Ambition to be thought a News-Monger: He is no great Friend to the Tobacconist, for Fear of his Lungs, yet he holds a Pipe in his Mouth to make his Diamond Ring the more conspicuous, and to that End he has an excellent Faculty in playing upon the Table with his Fingers: He is very careful in adjusting his Phiz, and takes a Pinch of Snuff with the utmost Curiosity; and, at the same Time, reckons him an unmannerly Clown that will not praise his Snuff-Box: His Habiliments are mostly Foreign, and nothing is admirable but what is done by an outlandish Artificer; the Blade of his Sword was temper'd at *Toledo*, and the Handle was

F

wrought

wrought by the best Workman in *Andalusia*; nay, the very Head of his Cane was dug out of a Mine in the *Pharjalian* Fields, and afterwards polished by an *Æthiopian* in *Prestor John's* Country. If his Patrimony will allow him a Footman, the poor Fellow is hurried off his Legs with carying *Billet Doux* to the Ladies, and often gets his Head broke for his Master's Impertinence; however, he gets a Smatch of his Master's Airs, and is initiated in the Price of Powder, Essence, Snuff and Washballs: If the Fop keeps a Mistress, according to Fashion, his Pride is too great to be over-courteous; so she must never expect him to dispence his Favour in the Day-time, for a true Fop will starve a thousand other Sins to support his Vanity; and by Consequence he had rather be gelt than discommode a *Flanders* Lace Chitterling. His Wit is like his Habit, of the newest Fashion; and was it Treason to adulterate our Language, as it is to counterfeit the Coin, he would stand a notable Chance to be guarded up *Holbourn-Hill* by the Sheriff's Officers; for he affects unintelligible Terms of Speech, and, like an Apothecary, will reduce a whole Sentence into a Monosyllable; yet, if a Man of Honour will afford him a Smile, he is not so concise in his Compliments, but displays himself in a Compound of *French*, *Italian*, and broken *Latin*, to adorn his Peacock's Feathers with a little Pedantry. If he hears a second-hand Saying at
the

the Coffee-house, he immediately takes the Minutes down in Short-hand; for having but little Brains in his Head he has a natural Tendency to Forgetfulness, and nothing less than a new invented Oath will make a lasting Impression upon his Mind, without the Use of his Common-place Book. He goes to the Play like a true Critick, and pretends to distinguish what is genuine and what is sophisticated; and to prove himself one of a penetrating Judgment he'll curse the Actors, and damn the whole Performance; nay the celebrated *Wilks* and *Booth* cannot escape his Censure, though all the time his Eyes are upon the Ladies, and his Thoughts lifted up that some of them *per* Chance, may be smitten with his fine Appearance. Thus the simple Animal is composed of Pride, Ignorance, Conceit, Vain-glory and Imagination, and Men of Sense withdraw from him as from a pestilential Infection; and indeed nothing can give a prodigal Fop more Mortification than to take no Notice of him, for he knows no other End of his Being than to swagger in the Streets, and resort to publick Places to be gaz'd at; for which Reason he is the only Person that rejoiceth at *Adam's* Fall, otherwise he must have gone naked; and his Soul is too narrow to take a View of Things beyond Brutality: His greatest Enemy is Poverty; and Death itself is not so formidable as a Coat that is wore Thread-bare:

Thus if Misfortunes once attack him, the Burden is insupportable, and the last Extremity is to steal a Rope to hang himself. Thus a supercilious Life brings an ignominious Death, and for want of Reason to guide his Passions, Sir Foppington falls into Despair, and dies in Suicide.

Last Summer I happen'd to be at *Bristol*, and coming up in the Stage-Coach I was agreeably diverted with a Narrative that is well worth Notice. There was in Company a grave Merchant, an ancient Gentlewoman, a young *Irishman*, two young Ladies, and myself; the Merchant said little, the old Gentlewoman heard little, the Beaux and the two Ladies had all the Discourse, and I sat as Judge to determine the Controversy. The Theme was *Love*, which was argued and defended with a great deal of Judgment on both Sides. The first Night on the Road he took me aside and told me, he believ'd them to be good Natur'd Ladies, for that they had granted him an Appointment, and that he doubted not but e'er Morning to gain the Ascendant over them; and accordingly next Day affirm'd to me, he had been happy in their Embraces. This he confirm'd with such circumstantial Probabilities, that I readily believ'd it Matter of Fact. But how was he struck with Shame and Confusion, when he found the two young Ladies metamorphos'd into

into two young Gentlemen, that for their Diversion, and to pass the Time away, had purposely put on the Disguise to conceal their Sex, and had assum'd an Air suitable to their Appearance, to mortify some fond, conceited, passionate and whining Enamorado.

It may seem romantic, but it is very true that there are a sort of People who take Pains to be IDLE; such are your *Hunters of News* and *Hunters of Levees*, who tramp it half a Score Streets to know who has got a Wife or a Place.

The *Hunters of Levees* are recorded for three Hours Patience and Attendance with a *gracious Grin*, and come away well contented; and your *Superficial Visitants*, who go to see Folks because they are not at Home. There are several others of this kind, who as it were, *labour to be Lazy*.

It must be owned in the Defence of IDLENESS, that there are some publick Advantages arising from it, and that it prodigiously advances the Excise, by filling of Coffee-Houses, Tipling-Houses and Taverns. An honest Fellow gets Drunk, because he has nothing else to do; and a Coffee-House Orator gives his Jaws a *Breathing*, because he has no *other Work* upon his Hands. And by the Idleness of our Nobility, Gentry and Tradesmen, Hackney-Coachmen, Hackney-Harlots, Gamesters, Pimps and Chairmen are supported.

How

How natural is it to be doing somewhat! Some or other of our Organs are perpetually craving for Employment: Hence it is, that a Coquet shivers when she is not Cold, and a Beau cries *Damn me*, tho' he knows that such a Prayer is altogether superfluous, and tucks down his Ruffles, tho' they were before as smooth as a Lawyer's Tongue.

The common Methods of wearing away our Days, are as various as the Humours and Capacities of Mankind. Some lead Armies, some disturb the Publick in a *civil Way*. Some make Speeches, and some pick their Teeth. Snuff has great and universal Reputation this Way, and the Takers of it can recreate their whole Body with a little Labour of the Fingers and the Nose. I know an eminent Serjeant at Law, who finds curious Diversion in drawing a String through his Fingers, and tying Knots upon it; and most of his *learned Brethren* keep themselves in Practice, by stroaking down the sides of their Perriwigs, with remarkable Gravity. The Ladies divert themselves with Tea and Slander, and Visits and their Fans, and several other Amusements, about which I shall say nothing. There are some *few* of both Sexes, who find Devotion as good a Stratagem as any, to shake off Time, and so make Piety a considerable Diversion. With others Gaming is in great Repute, for wasting their Money and their Time with wonderful Facility. About the
Royal-

Royal-Exchange, Tricking and Over-reaching are notable and approved Cures for Laziness; but at Court they are by no means known or practised.

I am almost of Opinion, that the Use of Speech, does no great Honour to that Man, who talks only to shew that he talks Nonsense; and yet this is the Case and the Fate of many more accomplished Persons. A Beau, if he would hold his Tongue, might hide his *inward Nakedness*; but while he Prates and shews his Teeth, tho' we are convinced that his Mouth or rather his Gums, are well inhabited, we are at the same time let into a Discovery that his Head is a dark and unfurnished Garret. I should be glad I could for *their* Sakes, persuade several hopeful young Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, who are distemper'd with an Opinion of their own Parts, to grow Cunning and hold their Tongue. I wish this Advice of mine be not *above their Capacity*, I am sure it is for their Interest, and would they take it, I am almost confident it would be a Secret to many of those who *only see them*, that they are so entirely destitute of Reason and most other Gifts which came of God. I have great Compassion upon our Coffee-House Orators, and those who at publick Ordinaries daily strain their Throats for the Interest of *Christendom*, and judiciously distribute their deep Ignorance and Conjectures, to such as sit round them, and
have

have the Courtesy to bear Witnesses *that they are Ideots.* It would be great Wisdom in the Fools of this our Town, if they would learn the Sense to smother their Nonsense, and then it would be a great Comfort to all who come within Ear Shot of them. As for me, I have brought my self to be easy in the midst of Noise and Absurdity, by a Method which I would recommend to every Body. When a simple Son begins to scatter Words, all the Notice I take is, that his Mouth is merry and dancing a Horn-pipe to the Tabor of his Throat; and I cannot but think, an honest foolish Fellow may lawfully play with his own Chaps as well as with his Legs or his Cane. I have carried my Humour further in this Case: With me, every Man who talks falsely or foolishly, does not talk at all; No, I am resolved that the dishonest Speaker and the ridiculous Prater, are, and shall be dumb Men; and I wish for the Peace and Ease of the World, that all Mankind were of my Opinion: A braying Booby would not then disturb us, nor a knavish Orator mislead us. I am so delighted with this philosophical Artifice of mine, that I often go to *see* a Man speak on purpose not to *hear* him; it is therefore no Wonder that I have in my Time beheld both Lawyers and Divines eloquently dumb for an Hour or two together: I have found most pretenders to Physick more *copious* and *silent* than any other
 sort

sort of Men, and no People in this Town are so vehemently and so learnedly *Mutes* as Politicians and Criticks.— The first that calls a Man a Fool is himself, and others do but take it from his own Mouth. When a weak Person shuns a Discovery by keeping his Tongue within his Teeth as the Proverb has it, we generally assign a kind Cause for his Silence, and believe it to be the Effect of good Sense, which is never very forward ; but if his Tongue betrays him, and shews him a *Soft-head*, the World is not to blame for passing *Sentence*, when he himself has confessed the *Guilt*.

The late proceedings in our Courts of Law have furnished us with ample Proofs, that this Town abounds too plentifully with a Sect of brutish Creatures called SODOMITES ; a Sect that ought to be excluded from all civil Society and human Conversation. They exceed the worst Beasts of the Field in the Filthiness of their Abominations. The Birds of the Air couple Male and Female to propagate Generation, and every Animal moves by a natural Instinct ; but Man, exclusive of all others, forms Ideas destructive to himself, and grows fond of new Inventions which are repugnant to divine Institution and the fundamental Laws of Nature ; he is grown hardened in Iniquity, having abandon'd himself to all manner of Vice, and is not ashamed to act Crimes which expose him to the

Severity of the Laws and the Contempt of the World. I have heard that one *Tolson*, who lately kept a Brandy-Shop at *Charing-Cross*, and was transported for Felony, whose Constitution was so depraved and ruined that he could contain nothing within him, and who was not ashamed to confess, that he received that Debility by human Conversation and the vile Practice of Buggery; and that once having caught a Foot-Soldier in Bed with his Wife, he insisted upon no other Satisfaction than to commit the detestable Sin of Sodomy with him, which the other comply'd with, and so the Affair was made easy. It is a melancholy Sight to see Men in full Strength and Vigour go to publick Executions unpitied and unlamented, loaded with the highest Guilt, that can neither hope or expect any Mercy in this, and may justly dread the Punishments in the World to come: The greatest Criminal has some People that may drop some pitying Expressions for his unhappy and untimely Fate and condole his dismal Circumstances; while those Persons who fall by the Laws for *Sodomy*, can expect neither Pity or Compassion. It would be a pretty Scene to behold them in their Clubs and Cabals, how they assume the Air and affect the Name of *Madam* or *Miss*, *Betty* or *Molly*, with a chuck under the Chin, and *O you bold Pullet I'll break your Eggs*, and then frisk and walk away to make room for another, who thus accosts the affected Lady,

with

with *Where have you been you saucy Queen? If I catch you Strouling and Caterwauling, I'll beat the Milk out of your Breasts I will so*; with a great many other Expressions of Buffoonry and ridiculous Affectation. If they can procure a young smug-fac'd Fellow they never grudge any Expence, and it is remarkable these effeminate Villains are much fonder of a new *Convert* than a Bully would be of a new *Mistress*.

They have also their *Walks* and *Appointments*, to meet and pick up one another, and their particular Houses of Resort to go to, because they dare not trust themselves in an open Tavern. About twenty of these sort of Houses have been discovered, besides the nocturnal Assemblies of great Numbers of the like vile Persons, what they call the *Markets*, which are the *Royal-Exchange*, *Lincolns-Inn Bog-Houses*, the South-side of *St. James's-Park*, the *Piazzas* of *Covent-Garden*, *St. Clement's Church-Yard*, &c.

The Town is now come to that Height of Wickedness, that every Parish might now employ five or six Satyrists, besides as many Parsons; not that I think the latter so remiss in their Duty as to need the Assistance of the Press, but the capricious Humours of the People make it as necessary as it is to have an Adjutant in a Regiment as well as a Colonel, that where the Courtesy of a Man will not prevail, a King *Harry's* Knock may do it more effectually.

Should our Priests speak to the People as they did in Days of Yore, they would become the Ridicule of every Scoundrel ; for now nothing will pass for good Sense, but St. *Gregory*, St. *Austin*, St. *Athanasius*, &c. and if there comes not a little *Latin*, or *Greek*, and sometimes *Hebrew* too into the Bargain, it goes down no better than a Joint of Veal without Sauce : Whereas, did not the Prejudice of Custom deprive us of plain Truth, and down-right Honesty, the Priest might (without the Imputation of being vulgar) call out, A hah, you Mr. —, with the black Wig and plush Coat, how dare you keep a Rendezvous for Gaming, Drinking, and Whoring ? How dare you come to Church before you clear your Conscience ? And with no more Remorse than you come from the Tap before you fill the Tankard ? Believe me, Sir, if you abandon yourself to these Enormities, and live not up to the Precepts of the Gospel, you'll receive your Reward in a Place that smells as strong of Brimstone as a Bundle of Card-Matches. Now, I say, should he express himself after this Manner, he would appear like the Father of his Flock, and consequently like a Christian ; but alas ! this wou'd never gain him the Approbation of his Auditory ; they would rather look on him as they did on down-right *Daniel Burgess*, of merry Memory, who was the only Man in the Three Kingdoms for a judicious Comparison : *I tell ye*, says *Daniel*, *Mens Hearts are*

are like Womens Smocks, fine at Top, but coarse at Bottom ; at which the wild Part of the People burst into a Laughter, so that the poor Man was oblig'd to give them this *Salvo* for their private Satisfaction, viz. *That he did not know it by Experience, but by seeing 'em hang on the Hedges.* Now, Sir, 'tis under this Consideration that I would have the Poets exert their Authority ; for till we banter the Town from their most capital Vices, they will never give Heed to *General Heads*, no not so much as to the Head of an Onion, for that indeed will make them weep if they have an Heart of Adamant. But alas ! ten *general Heads*, with Doctrine, Use and Application to attend them, are not received with half the Alacrity as a *single Ten of Diamonds.*

I live in a Parish, which to its Honour, be it spoken, is one of the largest and most populous in the Bills of Mortality, yet a Man might wear out a pair of the best Shoes in Christendom in it, before he finds a Person truly virtuous, except it be my self, and two or three of my Acquaintance, together with Mr. *b*—S the Talley-man.—But hold, I forgot Mr. *s*—D the Attorney, and old *n*—A the predestinated Pawn-broker : Now, I say, Sirs, is it not a Shame, a burning Shame, for a Man to think on, that I who have liv'd sixteen Years in a Parish, yet cannot find above six Persons in it that are just in their Morals, charitable to the Poor, and sincere in their Devotion : But what makes
the

the Wickedness of the Wicked more aggravating, is, that these pious Men cannot escape the Imputation of being as bad as their Neighbours, tho' good Christians are of another Opinion, and I heard a Man of Fourscore declare it, he believed they could not match them for their Exactness in Dealing, and singular Conversation, from *Mile-End* to *Mill-Bank* at *Westminster*.

Nothing weakens the Mind and turns the Brain more than the delusive Horrors which the common Stories of *Demons* and *Goblins* bring along with them. He that is the staunchest Believer in this Point, is often the most wretched Infidel in Articles of the highest and most useful Nature. He swallows glibly the grossest Falsehoods and Forgeries, but cannot bear the Appearance of Truth and Conviction. If you tell him that a *Spirit* carried away the Side of a House, or play'd at Foot-ball with half a dozen Chairs and as many Pewter-dishes, you win his Heart and Assent; but if you go about to persuade him that a bodily Communication between the *invisible Spirits* of the other World and the mortal Inhabitants of this, is not very likely, at least not very common, he holds up both his Hands and wonders how you can be so great an Atheist. Such a one is so long accustomed to be cheated by others and himself, that at length nothing but Delusion

will

will go down with him, and he has no Relish for what is not Monstrous and opposite to Nature and Probability.

In the Country there are two Sorts of *Ghosts*; a *Plebian Ghost* and a *Ghost of Rank*; and these two bear a different Figure, and have a different Behaviour.

The Ghost of Dignity is always known to be the Spirit of a former Landlord of the Parish, who visits his Tenants every Night in a Coach and Six, and rattles round his Mansion-House, to see that nothing be amiss, and to frighten the Servants into their Duty. His *Ghost* is the very same Man that he himself was in his Life-time, in every Respect: It wears the self-same Snuff-colour'd Cloaths trimm'd with black, the same Camblet-Cloak, lin'd with red, a little faded, and the same Shoes with Cork-Soals and square-Toes. Its Gloves are lin'd with Lambskin, and it has Fustian Drawers on, just as the 'Squire had. Nay, the Spirit has upon its Body all the Marks that had been upon the Body of the 'Squire; the little Wart under the left Ear, the small Scar upon the little Finger, the Dimple in the Chin, and twenty other Signs and Tokens, which are all visible to any Man, Woman, or Child, that can but see clearly in the Dark.

Farthermore, our *Ghost* has the Ways and Humours which it had when it was alive. It Smiles upon one Servant, casts a Frown at another,

ther, and loves Noife and stale Beer, as well as when it followed a Pack of Hounds all Day, and fate up with another Pack all Night: For great Hooping and Hollowing are often heard in the Parlour or the Cellar about Two in the Morning, and, upon Examination, a Barrel of *October* is found empty. Well fare his Worshipful Heart; it is not the first of a Thousand, that he has serv'd in the same Manner.

Now and then it prophesies and gives Warnings; and, particularly, it is perceived to make Signs, that the young 'Squire should reverence the Church, and not go to Law with the Parson.

Sometimes his Worship is sadly out of Temper, and more outrageous than a reasonable dead Man should be; but he has good Cause for it. — His extravagant Son and Heir, has, perhaps, lost Three and Six-pence at Whisk, or bought a glander'd Horse, or sold his Sheep and his Barley too cheap, or done some such important and unfrugal Fault. This is Provocation enough in Conscience for the grey-headed old *Ghost*, who remembers what bodily Pains it took to get Riches, to fret and stamp, and throw down all the Pewter Dishes about the House. And yet I cannot see why his late Worship should pinch the innocent Children for their Father's Errors; or why he should terrify the Kennel of Dogs, as often as he does, and set them a howling, as if the poor Beagles
were

were his Son's Counsellors, when, in Truth, they are only his *Principal Companions*.

It happens, sometimes, that the departed *old Gentleman* is seen and heard weeping and wailing most bitterly over a Pond in the Garden, and then it is a hundred to one but a Child or a Coach-Horse dies some time or other afterwards. I own, indeed, that the *Ghost* does not alone possess, in his own single Person, this kind of *foretelling Spirits*; for the *old House-Dog* is likewise a Prophet of this Kind, and never howls, but something or other comes after it; and the *Cricket*s in the Wall have an admirable Knack at *fore-smelling a Funeral*.

These *Ghosts of Quality* have, in their Way of *living*, one Circumstance which I would not forget. The cunning Creatures, when they are *dead*, and *gone*, and *rotten*, have Policy enough to return to their own Houses, and to take up the best Rooms there for themselves to lodge in. And if any Man presume to lye in their Beds, they never fail to kick him, and cuff him, and tofs him in a Blanket. So unfo- ciable and malicious do People grow when once they are lock'd up in their Coffins. *This shews that dead Folks can bite.*

Having now done due Honour to *Ghosts of Fashion*, I go on to say something about *vulgar Apparitions*; and there is this essential Difference between them; a *Spirit of Title and Figure* is ever more formidable and mischievous than a *Spirit*

of low Fortune, or meanly born. So that we see the Temper of Men is the same in both Worlds.

A poor Ghost does not constantly appear in its own bodily Likeness, but humbly contents it self with the Body of a white Horse, that gallops about the Meadows without Legs, and grazes in them without a Head. On other Occasions it wears the Carcass of a great black Dog, that glares full in your Face, but neither bites you, nor says an uncivil Word to you. Sometimes it gives three solemn Raps at your Door, and if you do not answer it, it says nothing to you; and if you do answer it, it holds its Tongue.

There are several other Marks and Particularities belonging to humble Plebeian Ghosts, as their leaving their Footsteps in the Ashes, their taking you by the Hand when you are asleep, and the like. But the chief Affair that calls them back again to visit the World by Night, is their Fondness for a Pot of Money which they buried in their Life-time, and cannot be at Rest in their Graves without it. Thus the thirst of Gold raises them before the Resurrection.

GET MONEY, said a wiser Man than you or I, honest Reader: That is the Precept, but he went no farther, leaving the Business of Committee-Men, Ways and Means, to the peculiar turn of Thought or Bias of Invention of every individual Money-Getter.

Of all the Methods made use of to attain this great End, I believe it will be allow'd, that he who gains this Point the easiest way is the wisest Person: For instance, I know there are *Gold* and *Silver* Mines in *Peru* and *Mexico*, but then I consider, it is at a very inconvenient Distance, and a thousand Toils and Dangers must be undergone, before we can have a chance to pocket a single Ingot of either. What is to be done in this Case? we can't go to them, and they will not come to us. In this Plunge of Affairs we have seen some late notable Instances of the Dexterity of our Countrymen for removing the abovesaid Difficulties: Say they, *Let the Spaniards and Portuguese sail to the Indies, the Dutch, French, and English, to all the other Parts of the World, and we will snatch in their Treasure, without stirring from this wicked Spot of the Earth the Town.*

The late famous SHEPPARD, of House-breaking memory, declared (it seems) at the Gallows, that he had laid a Foundation for raising the Reputation of the *British Thievery* to a greater Height than it's been carried in the preceeding Ages: And if the Relations we see daily published can be depended on, it may justly be said, we have lived to see his Words verified. But perhaps some will think that I am wandering beyond my Province when I am going to prove, that Filching is as

old as the World; that it has been the Practice of all Ages and Nations; that the greatest of Men have endeavour'd to keep it in Countenance: And in a word, I think I can prove, that all Men are Thieves, tho' very few have the honesty to confess it. The first Theft was committed in Paradise, and the first Thief was our universal Mother, to the Honour of the fair Sex be it spoken; who, influenced by so good an Example, have to this Day kept up their laudable Appetite for pilfering; as appears by the numerous Complaints you hear of doleful Swains, whose Hearts have been purloin'd. In this I think they have got the start of us; we can prove our first Sire no more than a Receiver at best; and the Proverb will not allow the Receiver to be as good as the Thief. After this no body will controvert the Antiquity of this Art.

It remains then, that something be said for the Honour of our own Sex; who, tho' they cannot boast of being the Inventors of it, yet I hope to shew, that they have made as many Improvements on it, and carried it to as high a pitch as it would bear. The *Jews* stealing every thing they could wrap and rend from the *Aegyptians* at their Departure, is an Exploit that we shall come in for at least half the Glory of, tho' it should be allowed, that the Ladies (as it often happens in modern Marches) carried the Knapfacks, and the Men
only

only bore their Arms. He must be very ignorant of History, who knows not, that the *Aegyptians*, a learned and wise Nation, held this Art in such high Esteem, that they severely punish'd ignorant Pretenders to it. Antient Writers assure us, that a Theft cleverly perform'd, intituled the Artist to the Booty purloined; but if he was so awkward, as to be detected before the Completion of his purpose, he was turn'd over to the Hands of old *Father Antique*, the Law. The *Lacedemonians* were so well appriz'd of the great Use and Advantage of this Art, that they early instructed their Children in the commendable Practice of Filching; and every one knows, that the *Lacedemonians* were always reputed a wise and famous People; tho' it be certain, that no other of the polite Arts and Sciences got footing amongst them. So remarkable an Instance as that of *Romulus* must not be omitted: He very wisely raked together a parcel of Thieves; and they became the Progenitors of a Set of People, who, while they kept up to the Virtues of their Ancestors, were the most powerful, the most learned, and the most polite Nation in the World; but when they grew rich, and their Opulence set them above practising those *Virtues*, they dwindled into nothing.

That it has been the universal Practice (and often the only Knowledge) of all Philosophers,

Isophers, will be evident, upon a comparison of their several Notions and Systems. I would avoid an Ostentation of Learning in this Place, or I could make my Reader stare at my profound Sagacity in discussing the Tenets, and discovering the Thefts of the Antients one from another: But familiar Examples will be more suitable to the Genius and Capacity of several of my courteous Readers: And therefore I will content my self with putting them in mind of the late horrible Robberies attempted upon Mr. G--B---N, Mr. ED---DS, &c. and of an Expression made use of by the renowned *Roger John--n*, upon two of the Persons concern'd in them on their being brought to *Newgate*; viz. *That had he their Opportunities and Advantages joined to his Head, he would not have left the Bank of England worth a Groat in half a Year's time.*

As there is nothing more *Lawless* than the *Passions*, when they are left to themselves, what a miserable *Slave* must that Person be, who gives himself up to their *Dominion*: All he studies is present Gratification, let the Consequence be what it will, the *Gallows* or *Damnation*. One *Libertine*, for the Enjoyment of a beastly Strumpet, poison'd with Quicksilver and the Pox, flings away his Health and risques his Soul, kills or rather murders his Innocent Wife, and most paternally entails *Rottenness*

tenness and an infamous Example upon his Posterity. Another mad with Wine and *Wrath* runs his Sword into a poor Man's Heart, and sends him into another World, with all his Sins upon his Head; and perhaps at the same time makes Beggars of a *Widow* and a House full of *Children*, who all depended upon that one Life. A third is under the absolute Government of Pride or Ambition, and ruins his Fortune and his Family by Expence and Equipage; and makes himself Little by striving to be Great, and Poor by endeavouring to be Rich.

Tim. Turbulent, is a Practitioner of vast Business in the Law: He is continually writing Letters and sending Porters to himself. If in Term-time you meet him in the Streets, he can scarce spare time to bend his Head at you; and if his Mouth opens you are sure to be deafen'd with a Noise about *Declarations, Counsel, Costs*, and the like: But for all this Bustle and Industry, *Tim* was never known to have brought a Cause to Issue in his Life-time, excepting formerly, one in the *Marshal's Court*, in which himself was the *Defendant*.

Ned Needy, was never worth five Pounds during the whole Course of his Life, and has been often hard put to it, to procure Credit for a Week's Lodging, or a clean Shirt. *Ned* never fails in all Conversation to boast of the happy Situation

Satisfaction of his Affairs, and the vast Affluence and Reputation he enjoys. *Nick Niggard* is on the other hand universally known to be what the World calls a *Plumb Man*: He is for ever complaining of the *hard Times*, and his Poverty; and when he is told of his Wealth, shakes his Head with a Sneer, wishing the Suggestion could be made good, &c. Thus the one, who is possess'd of a real Substance, is as industrious in concealing it, as the other, who has none at all, is, in endeavouring to make the World believe he has one.

Caleb Kettle, has a Front of the *Corinthian Order*, when he is Master of a Shilling, and as keen as a *Hugonot* just landed from *France*, or a *Welch Drover*, is apt to pop in at the *Pine-apple* or the *Chop-house*: *Caleb* after surveying the Place and the Company, is sure to acquaint them, that he hath not only neglected a plentiful Dinner at home, but his Promise of Dining with some Duke or other great Personage, but that Business, and a Desire withal of Variety, and viewing the Humours of low Life, has drawn him thither. *Kettle's* a merry destitute Mortal, and has scarce ever fail'd of Dining upon *Constitution-Hill*, or in some *Cook's Brothel*, every *Christmas-Day* for these twenty Years.

I pity *Beau Bobbish*, he cannot withal the Merit of his lac'd Coat, meet with the least Reverence

rence from any of his Fellow Creatures, except his *Japanner*, and the *Porter* that pimps for him, and is his Confident and Letter Carrier. He therefore picks his Teeth all the Afternoon at *Dicks*, where every Quarter of an Hour he is sending for the said Porter, his Plenipotentiary, on Purpose to be ravish'd with those two pretty Words, *Your Honour*.

Tom Terrible ridicules the Notion of a Deity in all Company he comes into; and *D — us his Blood* with a Bon Grace five hundred times a Day; and would fain pass for a polite and fashionable Atheist, which seems to be the Height of his Ambition; though his Mother and the Maid, who light him to Bed, are ready on Oath to attest that *Tom* is the most timerous Animal breathing in his Quarters; that he has more than fifty times disturbed the Family in the Night time, with his Apprehensions of seeing *Spirits*. Nay, they go farther, and say he never ventures to Bed without his Prayers.

A most surprizing Spirit of NOVELTY has newly discover'd itself in the Town, proceeding, as it seems, from a few Bankrupt Tradefmen, undone some by Negligence, and some by Misfortune, who having contracted an idle and loitering Habit of Life, and made shift by Remnants of Composition Money to pop themselves behind the Bars of Coffee-Houses, have all on a sudden determin'd to turn Regulators, Authors, Eves-droppers, News-Writers, Committee-Men, Orators, and what not; and having proclaim'd in publick Print, *That their Houses are the Grand Magazines of Intelligence*, have

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had

had the Confidence to publish Two Papers with such *Portions of Foreign and Domestick News*, that I believe never before appear'd in Print in this or any other Nation. These Gentlemen having set out with great Ambition, and met with humble Success, I shall endeavour to rescue their *Daily-Labours* from that State of Obscurity they may have hitherto lain under by publishing them to the World, viz.

Hounslow, Jan. 23.

' Fifty Battallions, and as many Squadrons, pass'd thro' this City Yesterday, in order to form a Camp upon the Banks of our River, which, with the Troops from *Staynes, Egham*, and the neighbouring Provinces, will make an Army of 35000 Men, which will be abundantly sufficient to prevent any Surprize on that Side of the Country.

Hammersmith, January 25. N. S.

' Our Minister here observes so profound a Silence, that no Body hath as yet been able to penetrate into his Designs; notwithstanding, 'tis whisper'd, that he is carrying on a secret Negotiation with the Court of *Chelsea*.

Lambeth, January 30.

' A Master of a Ship, who arriv'd here in One and Twenty Days from *Chelsea*, reports, that the Troops and Pensioners of that Province have Orders to hold themselves in Readiness upon any Emergency, but as they are commanded only to furnish themselves with *Squirts and Pot-guns*, 'tis not likely that they are under any great Apprehension.

Or, the TOWN in an Uproar. 59

Brentford, Feb. 1. O. S.

‘ Expresses are continually going to and fro
‘ in this City; and ’tis said, that there is great
‘ Likelyhood that a Congress will be form’d at
‘ Windsor by the latter End of next Summer.

Wandsworth, Feb. 2.

‘ A Squadron of Men of War has been seen
‘ off of this Place, which is suppos’d to be Part
‘ of the Fleet which is to join the Admiral of
‘ Mortlake.

Chiswick, Feb. 3.

‘ Our Country enjoys a perfect Tranquillity,
‘ and there seems to be that Harmony between
‘ our Ministers and those of all the Foreign
‘ Courts, that ’tis highly probable we shall have
‘ NO SHARE in their Differences.

L O N D O N.

‘ Yesterday great Numbers of People pass’d
‘ and repass’d thro’ Fleet-street, St. Paul’s Church-
‘ Yard, Cheapside, and other of the principal
‘ Streets of this City, as usual.

‘ The same Day a Dray passing thro’ Chancery-
‘ Lane with several Barrels of Strong Beer on
‘ it, one of them rowl’d over into the Street,
‘ by which Misfortune about Three Quarts of
‘ the Liquor was unluckily lost.

‘ We hear, that Mr. James ———, who
‘ was Cook at the Rose Tavern without Temple-
‘ Bar, and gave an entire Satisfaction to all the
‘ Gentlemen that us’d his Master’s House, is
‘ gone from thence to the Devil.

‘ Yesterday a Hackney-Coach founder’d in
‘ the Strand, near Somerset-House, but by the
‘ timely Assistance of the Neighbourhood all the
‘ Passengers were saved.

‘ We are credibly inform’d, That the famous Mr. *Moore* hath undertaken to destroy the Worms that have been of such pernicious Consequence to our Shipping in the *West-Indies*, by eating into their Bottoms; and that he will set sail some Time in *March* with Two large Ships, laden with his celebrated *Powders* for that Purpose.

‘ On *Sunday* Night last, when the Corpse of *Tom* the *Tub-man* came to be interr’d in *Stepney Church-yard*, the Grave that had been prepar’d for his Reception was stolen away, as is suppos’d, by Three Rogues in Sailors Habits, who had been seen lurking thereabouts some Hours before; and we hear, that Yesterday Morning it was taken up in the *Thames* by *John Edes* the Waterman, who took up the great overgrown Owl that was shot on the Top of the *York-Buildings* Water-house, as mention’d in one of our former.

‘ Some Days since an odd sort of an Accident happen’d near *Blackwall*, where the Ship *Sarah* and *Johanna* from *Lisbon*, laden with Lemons and Oranges, the *Judith* from *Nantz* with Brandies, and the *Lucy* from *Jamaica* with Sugars, falling foul of each other with uncommon Violence, were all stav’d to pieces, and in an Instant the River run a perfect and well compos’d *Punch* for many Miles together, to the great Comfort and Relief of the Seafaring Part of his Majesty’s Subjects.

These extraordinary intelligible Gentlemen have furnish’d us with other Accounts of the like Nature; as Churches knock’d down in the Night Time by Villains, and robb’d of their rich

rich Ornaments; Whales have by them been found in Ducking-Ponds and Ditches; the Court has been often sent several Miles out of Town, when not one of the Royal Family has been out of the Palace at that Time: Discoveries have been made of unheard of Villages in the County of *Middlesex*, as well as in other Countries; Noblemen and Gentlemen have been sent to Seats of their own that they never heard of, and dined and supp'd with People they never saw; cast-off Whores have been reconciled to their *Keepers* even so far as to get married to them; People appear'd in *Westminster-Hall* upon Recognizances that had none to answer, and at a Time when none of the Courts were sitting; Persons had Places given them who had been many Years in their Graves; Gentlemen and Tradesmen been dismounted on the Roads, robb'd of Monies and their Buckles stolen from under their Boots, who were quietly in their Beds at the Times mentioned. These are the *Stores of Intelligence in their own Hands, of which they have been the blind Possessors to this Day.* This is reforming and bringing *Publick Intelligence to the highest Perfection.*

After Measures of this Kind had been carried on for Three Weeks and Three Days, for the common BENEFIT and Relief of the Coffee-men of the Cities of London and Westminster, by publishing Two Papers, of Half a Sheet each, on every Working Day; one in the Morning, and the other in the Evening, with the above-mentioned Portions of Foreign and Domestick News, the Subscribers had a General Meeting on Saturday the 25th Day of January at Night, in order to reap the Profits and Advantages with which their Cares and

Exact-

Exactnesses had been attended, by way of DIVIDEND, and to establish the Undertaking on a legal Foundation, and to procure Securities for every one's Property and Share in it. The Monies being divided, and proper Instruments in Law sign'd and seal'd, they next took into Consideration the uncertain and Transitory State of the Things of this Life, and knowing that Papers as well as Men are mortal, and must soon or late die, they therefore order'd the Printing of their Paper to be immediately perform'd near Exeter Exchange in the Strand, to the End the worshipful and worthy Company of Upholders might be at Hand to decently inter it, in Case of such an Accident.

Several Minutes being read, and the Subscribers made acquainted with every other Preparation and Disposition made by the Managers for persevering in this laudable Undertaking, they were desired to declare their Sentiments of the PROCEEDINGS of the Managers; and all of them declaring they were extreamly satisfy'd, and very ready to perform what was enjoin'd them in the great Point of receiving this Sort of Intelligence; and their Two ABLE and EXPERIENC'D COMPILERS declaring they were ready to stand by them to the last Drop of Ink in their Bottles, and the COLLECTORS while they had Heels to their Shooes or Shirts to their Backs, the Meeting broke up, to the Satisfaction of every one present.

F I N I S.

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